



Young Mother to Her Small Son

1.

You will scatter
my soul to the four winds
some afternoon
when a distant whistle
sounds the first cry of desire.

2.

The mists
of our valley will disappear
behind the cool breast
of an obscure pale woman.

3.

And I
a rag of farewell
forgotten in the night
will hang on the clothesline
behind the house.

by Alberto Quintero Álvarez
translated by Robert Burlingame